

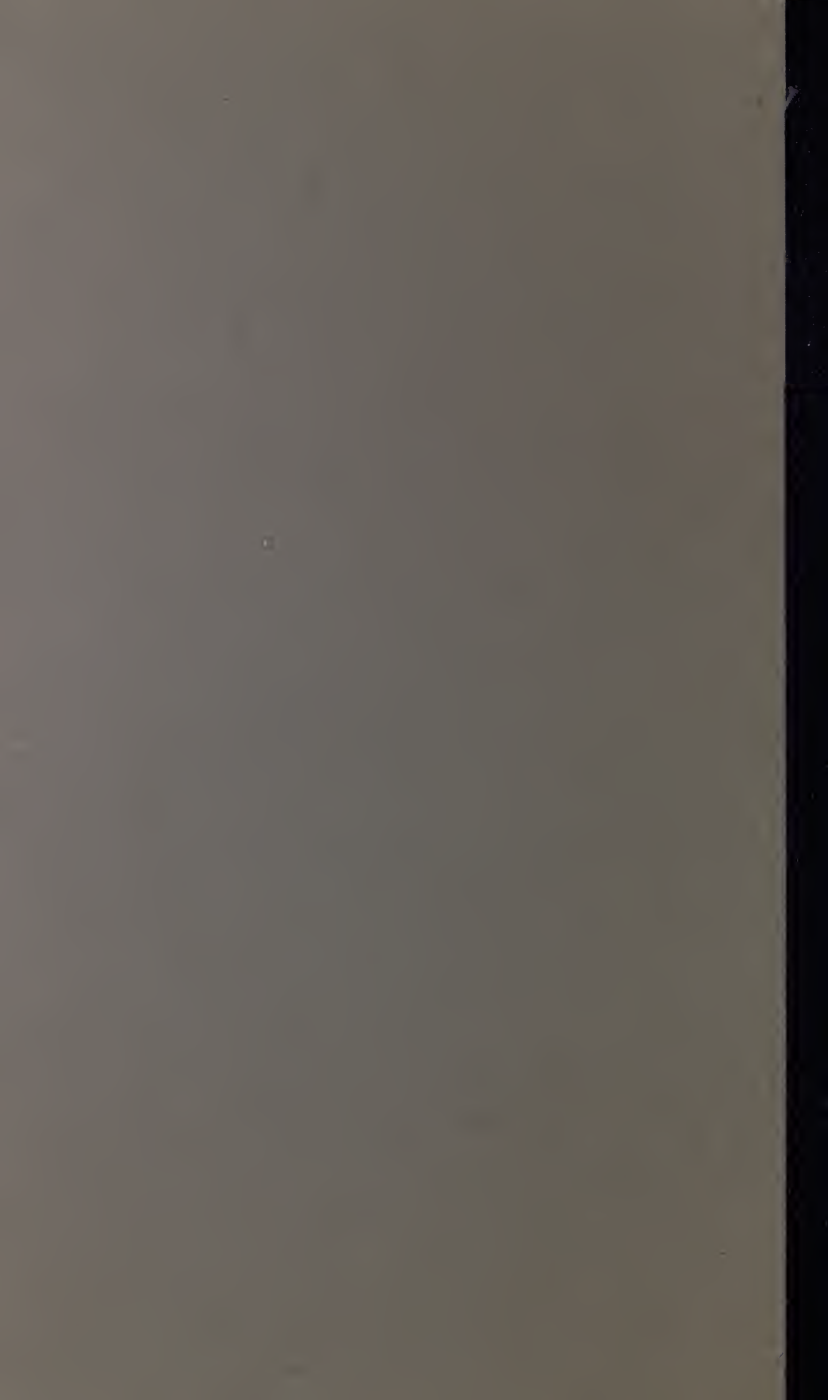
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THIRTY THOUSAND;

OR

WHO'S THE RICHEST?

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN:

WRITTEN BY T. DIBDIN.

AUTHOR OF

THE JEW and DOCTOR, BIRTH-DAY, WILL for the DEED, CABINET, ENGLISH FLEET, FAMILY QUARRELS, VALENTINE and ORSON, IL BONDOCANI, SCHOOL for PREJUDICE, FIVE THOUSAND a YEAR, SAINT DAVID'S DAY, NAVAL PILLAR, MOUTH of the NILE, HORSE and the WIDOW, &c.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON;

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BARKER AND SON

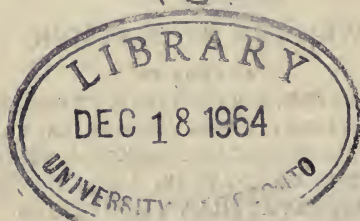
DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,

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1805.

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Though it is not presumed that what is here offered to the Public, can attract the notice of an austere Critic; yet the Author prays to urge, in mitigation of judgment, that inevitable circumstances compelled him to make many and material alterations from his original Copy, which (could it have been reconciled to the various opposite interests of those, whose talents had laid him under so many prior obligations) certainly possessed a much stronger claim to favour in the closet, than the Bagatelle now presented.

In *representation*, the powerful aid of *Musick* has more than compensated for the omission or derangement of passages once thought necessary to the Opera, as well as for the introduction of much extraneous colloquial additions.

In *publication*, the attempts at *Poetry* are all the Author can offer to supply the defect of fable ; aware of the indulgence they stand in need of, he is only encouraged by the remembrance of former liberality, to hope it in the present instance.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lawyer Plainly,	-	-	-	-	Mr. MURRAY.
Mr. Dubious	-	-	-	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Arable	-	-	-	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Forefail	-	-	-	-	Mr. BRAHAM.
Windmill	-	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Clump	-	-	-	-	Mr. EMERY.
Gangway	-	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Teddy	-	-	-	-	Mr. ROCK.
Jenkins	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARLEY.
Clodpole	-	-	-	-	Mr. STREET.
Harry	-	-	-	-	Mr. KING.
Flip	-	-	-	-	Mr. JEFFERIES.
Capstan	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEWISS.
Cable	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILDE.
Waiter	-	-	-	-	Mr. TRUMAN.

Countrymen, Sailors, &c.

Rofanna	-	-	-	-	Signora STORAGE.
Mrs. Arable	-	-	-	-	Mrs. DIBDIN.
Henrica	-	-	-	-	Miss DAVIS.
Mrs. Notable	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Margery	-	-	-	-	Mrs. WHITMORE.

Female Peasantry, &c.

SCENE, a Village. ——— TIME, one Day.

THIRTY THOUSAND;

OR

WHO'S THE RICHEST?

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Landscape, with a Park and Manor-house—a white Cottage in the distance—PLAINLY'S House in front.*—JENKINS, CLODPOLE, MARGERY, and other Peasants enter with baskets of poultry, game, &c. &c.

CHORUS.

SUMMER and winter gliding past,
Seven good years at length have flown,
And our new landlord comes at last
To call these fruitful fields his own.

Jen. To master steward let's away,
For his good word we needs must pray.

[*They knock at PLAINLY'S door.*]

B

Enter HARRY (from the house).

Har. Why how now, who makes such a noise at the door?

Jen. Here be I, farmer Jenkins, and old goody Sawyer,
And Clodpole and Bridget and half a score more,
Who all want to speak with your master the lawyer.

Chorus—We all want to speak with your master the lawyer.

Har. He's busy, he's poorly—he's gone out to dine.

Clod. Nay give him this token. *[Gives a basket.*

Brid. And pray give him mine. *[Gives a basket.*

Goody. And if I offer this—— *[Offers money.*

Har. I wont take it amiss,
For I know 'tis the fashion wi' sarvants in town,
So, if master be up—why I'll e'en fetch him down:
[Exit into the house.

Chorus. To pay to see un, as thof' 'twere a show,
Let's hope our new master may ne'er serve us so.
May prosperity guard hospitality's door,
And long life to the landlord that's kind to the poor.

Jen. Here comes Master Steward, and in a pretty pucker sure enough.

Enter PLAINLY.

Plain. (*driving Harry on from house.*) Away, rascal, did not I hear you say I was out? did not I see you take a bribe? did you ever see *me* take a bribe?

Har. No, sir, you never let me *see* you take one.

Villagers. Nay, but master steward——

Plain. How dare you bribe a poor servingman? and bring your nicknacks and niceties to *me*, as if the road to my heart lay down my throat, and you

would make a turnpike of my mouth in spite of my teeth.

Clod. Nay, doantee be angry wi' all of us—here be poor old Margery did not offer to gi' a varthing.

Plain. And why not?

Mar. Alack! I have nothing to give—I came but to ask your good word wi' our new landlord, and if I pay *him*, there will be nought left for the steward, and so I tell thee honestly.

Plain. Here! you who would sooner give to the rich than lend to the poor, carry this trumpery to the widow's cottage—insult me with the like again, and your farms shall be raised.

Mar. (*anxiously*) And mine, too?

Plain. No—as your age rises your rent shall be lowered—go! I'll speak a good word for all of you.

[*Exeunt Villagers, different sides.*]

So, in the course of this day it will be decided which of three young men is to be lord of this manor—this day the will must be fulfilled, and here comes my brother executor, Mr. Dubious, who suspects all mankind, and believes nothing unless he sees it.

Enter DUBIOUS.

Dub. No, nor then neither! till I am sure my eyes are open, and that I am not in a dream.

Plain. And when that is once ascertained—

Dub. It depends a great deal on the colour of my spectacles—Yesterday I mistook one for a very fair gentleman in white silk hose, who proved to be a blackleg, and this very morning when my ward

Rosanna was full dressed, I hurried out of her apartment because I thought she had only just slipped on a gown to receive me in.

Plain. Well, now to business.

Dub. Aye, now to execute the will of our eccentric old friend who died abroad; a will so foolish, that the more I think of it, the less I am inclined to believe he could ever make it.

Plain. (*producing a paper.*) But he did make it—and after giving his Indian possessions to a woman he cohabited with, thus it says (*reads*)

“ I bequeath the sum of THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS to accumulate for seven years; for the purpose of redeeming my mortgaged estate called Grange Park, which I give to whoever of my three nephews, George Arable, Francis Foresail and Walter Windmill shall then be the RICHEST MAN, I having first given to each One Thousand pounds to begin the world with.”

Dub. Aye, he hated idleness, and considered wealth, honourably and industriously obtained, almost as the summum bonum—but now who would believe there is not a word in the will about his poor daughter?

Plain. She is not his daughter—he had good witness of his wife's dishonour.

Dub. He was too easy of belief, perhaps—and people do say——

Plain. No matter what—we have never seen the girl—the seven years are expired, and I expect the three lads hourly.

Dub. Can you guess the lucky one?

Plain. No—as we agreed, they have been left fairly to themselves.

Dub. Umph!—one went to sea—another took a farm because he was in love with the beauties of nature.

Plain. And the third was always in love with a thousand notable plans at once.

Dub. Don't abuse Watty. I am his godfather you know, he was a great favourite of mine; I am told he has every thing but memory to make a great man, and if he is not lucky otherwise, I cannot say but I think I shall do something for the dog myself.

Plain. You have heard of his pranks at the races, I suppose?

Dub. Yes—he went on one of his grand speculations, forgot which horse he betted on, won the wager, and came away without it.

Plain. I wonder he did not forget the horse he rode on.

Dub. If he had, he would have trotted through the turnpike on foot, and said his man was coming to pay toll for him.

Enter HENRICA.

Hen. Gentlemen—a—I beg pardon, but one of you, I believe, is executor to a will, which——

Dub. I believe we both are, young lady. What are your commands?

Hen. Is it yet decided who is to possess this estate?

Plain. No—but it will be, to day, madam—are you interested?

Hen. Most feelingly; there is an old cottager, a worthy man, but very poor, who in the change of property may lose his habitation. and I may prove the cause of his misfortunes.

Dub. I cannot believe you would cause anybody's misfortune.

Hen. But he has committed such a crime—that——

Plain. That you almost weep to accuse him of it.

Hen. I do, indeed! he has dared to shelter an unfortunate being, whose mother, you may have heard——

Dnb. Oh! this is the daughter (*aside*). Yes, we have heard—but I do not believe she was so bad as you say——

Hen. Sir!

Dub. I mean, as Mr. Plainly says—that is—why the devil do not you help me out. (*to PLAINLY.*)

Hen. Sir, my mother was as far above the falsehood raised to ruin her, as I am powerless to do her justice—but I forget, I came to solicit a favour, *she* would have denied to no one.

Plain. Nor shall you be refused if possible——though it is particularly mentioned in this will, that Ralph Sturdy, the man you speak of, must quit at the end of his lease, which now expires, as a punishment for some heinous act of disobedience and ingratitude.

Enter CLODPOLE.

Clod. (*gives a letter to DUBIOUS.*) A letter from Ralph Sturdy to both you gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Dub. Oh, now we shall hear his petition. (*reads*)

“ GENTLEMEN,

I know my young lady will mince the matter, all the estate being hers by good right, and I lost my place for saying so—if you turn me out you will spoil the farm, for the corn would be ashamed to grow, nor would any good luck enter these doors if once closed on an old servant, because he let in an innocent lady, and kicked out a rascally informer,

which he would do for you or any one that wants it."—Now that's what I call a d——d impudent letter.

Hen. Oh, no—'tis an honest warmth which has ever been his enemy. and of which I am sure you would scorn to take advantage—Ah, sir, have you a wife or daughter?

Dub. No, but I have a ward as wild as wind, and wicked as the Devil.

Hen. And if she was pleading for a poor man whose humble roof has sheltered and protected her, would you refuse —

Dub. It is as much as my life is worth—she has her own way, in every thing, and here she comes.

Enter ROSANNA.

Ros. Ah, Mr. Plainly—I beg pardon, madam;—
(*to HENRICA.*) May I speak, sir, on a little business.
(*to DUBIOUS.*)

Hen. (*respectfully giving place.*) It is I should apologize. (*retires with PLAINLY.*)

Ros. Guardy, I thought you had loved my poor old father.

Dub. Who says I did not?

Ros. And his daughter for his sake?

Dub. Is there any question?

Ros. Then how can you stand trifling with that young lady, when I told you there would be a poor girl in waiting, and in sad want of your assistance?

Dub. Young lady! Hush, for heaven's sake—why that's the reputed daughter of —

Ros. That!—then 'tis she I mean, and I've behaved very rude to her.—Miss! Miss Henrica, I beg your pardon—though a perfect stranger, I came in

hopes to aid your cause, and am glad to see that it cannot be in better hands than your own.

Hen. Madam, the want of an introduction—

Ros. Is entirely the fault of my guardian here.—Mr. Plainly, when you have settled that lady's business as much to her satisfaction as possible, pray add to mine by bringing us together.

Plain. I shall do both with pleasure.

Ros. In the mean time, Miss, you may depend on the very best services of this little old gentleman—no thanks till he has deserved them. (*PLAINLY and HENRICA go into the house.*) Well, my dear sir, you do not look pleasant, this morning.

Dub. Why not quite so gay as you, perhaps.

Ros. Me! I'm on the very tiptoe of expectation—I know who are coming, and cannot tell which of the three to set my cap at.

Dub. The winner of course, or you're no woman.

Ros. Thankye, sir—Now in my opinion, the winner will be too full of his estate to think of a sweetheart, so I having money enough of my own, have disposed of my heart elsewhere.

Dub. Indeed! am not I it's guardian? Cannot I punish your disobedience, and mortify you with less money and more petticoats?—You dispose of your heart! I will not believe it.

Ros. Nay, do not be angry, guardy, for—for it was to be.

Dub. But it shall not be, I tell you—and who is the impudent young rascal?

Ros. A sailor—I like sailors—When only a child I fell in love with a cabin boy; at school I was miserable two hours and a half for a smart young midshipman, and now I am dying for—for a sea captain.

Dub. A sea captain—where the devil did you see him?

Ros. Down by the sea side.

Song—ROSANNA.

O, I first met the youth, who, to me came a wooing,
Down by yon bank, where the waves gently flow;
'Twas there his soft language my coyness subduing,
First taught me the sweets of affection to know.
'Twas there he sang gaily, my fancy entrancing
Till scarce we perceiv'd how the night was advancing,
Or that moon-beams so gay, on the wave-tops were dancing
Down by yon bank where the green waters flow.

II.

I ~~pro~~ve not to listen, but how could I grieve him,
Down by yon bank where the waves gently flow,
He swore he wou'd die, if I did not believe him,
And this is no time to kill sailors, you know.
At parting he look'd, and he heav'd such a sigh too,
I really believe I'd a tear in my eye too,
And if ~~he~~ can forget it, I can't say that I do,
Down by yon bank, where the wayes gently flow.

Enter PLAINLY, from the house.

Plain. Here they all three come, full gallop, and by their speed one would imagine he was to win the estate who got first to it—Well done sailor—well done white coat—t'other has turned out of the road.

Dub. (*looking out.*) Those can never be the three young men.

Ros. They are strange looking creatures, and I'll get out of the way, for as I have no curiosity—I shall pay my respects to the young lady, and get a better sight from the one pair window. [*Exit into the house.*]

Clump. (*speaking as he enters.*) That's reet, lad—rub her down well—she's had a tightish try of it.—Now, gentlemen, how do you do? I'm come from my maister, Mr. Farmer Arable, and wish to see Muster Plainly or Mr. Dubious.

Plain. You see them both friend.

Clump. Oh, maister sent me forward wi' this here note. (*PLAINLY takes it.*)

Dub. You ride well, friend, on an emergency.

Clump. Nay, sir, I ride best upon a horse.

Dub. And who is that sailor that has just tumbled off?

Clump. Some fool! 'at thinks he can race with a Yorkshireman, he knows as much o' horse flesh as I do o' t' longitude.

Gang. (*entering.*) Hollo! the house a-hoy!—I'm cast away on the right coast however—this seems to be a snug birth, plenty of wood, water and provisions, and I hope my master will have the command. I want the steward or land purser, a great rogue no doubt—is your name Plainly. (*to DUBIOUS.*)

Dub. No—that's the person you speak of. (*points to PLAINLY.*)

Gang. (*giving PLAINLY a letter from his tobacco box.*) There, there's my warrant, sir, my officer's at hand to back it, and if he don't come bump ashore upon his beam ends as I did, he'll soon be alongside. I'll look out a-head for him. (*goes up the stage.*)

Plain. (*to CLUMP.*) And is your master well, friend?

Clump. Yes, sir, and ha' gotten in his hay well—there be some promises i' t' corn fields; sheep and turnips are i' bonny plight—mistress and children are

bravely, and all t'other cattle are in good health at this present speaking.

Dub. Is your master married, then?

Clump. He's gotten a wife, sir, and very cûte and clever shoo is—shoo makes butter and fine needle-work and pickles, and plays a top o't ou'd spinnet till work goes on so pleasantly that all our folk are fain to stand still to listen to her.

Gang. (*comes forward.*) He hasn't heaved in fight yet.

Plain. Well, young men, walk in and take refreshment, while I give orders for your masters' reception.—Come, friend Dubious, we shall only want your godson, Watty, and then when all's settled, you will name the winner, perhaps.

Dub. There's no knowing—perhaps I may—I want my ward to marry the winner, and she has been wheedling me about a son of a sea Venus, and a fine cabin-boy Cupid, but the first that enters my house shall have his bones broke. [*Exit DUB. and PLAIN.*]

Clump. (*to GANGWAY.*) Would you chuse to go first, sir?

Gang. No, I'm at anchor; I know my duty and must stay to heave out signals for my commander.

Clump. And I know my duty and can look out as well as a sailor.

Gang. Don't be foul of sailors—you're a stout landsman, and such as you and I should always pull together.

Clump. I like you, dam if I don't, and I like your notions—and if I had a son and you a daughter, it wad be for t' good o't'nation to match 'em together.

Gang. They'd make a true bull-dog breed of it.

Clump. Aye, and what a rare match your lass would have of it.

Gang. Not so good as your boy would have.

Clump. You'll excuse me there, if you please.

Gang. Why, strike my colours! do you think such a tall, handsome good-looking wench as a daughter of mine would be ——

Clump. I say that a lad of mine, no disparagement to your lass, would be quite as handsome as any of her father's family.

Gang. Harkye! Mr. Swab!

Clump. Nay, nay, doan't swab me—I should teach my child manners, and put plenty o' brags in his pocket.

Gang. And my girl should go to a genteel boarding school, and then she'd have as much brags as and body.

Clump. Thou'rt a bonny judge o' manners ——

Enter TEDDY, (with a portmanteau.)

Ted. Don't be blackguarding one another about manners, but tell me whether my master's steward, that is to be, lives here or not? because if he's at home, it is my business to find him out.

Gang. Why you was a head of us just now—I thought you'd have been here these two glasses.

Ted. Sarrah, the glass I've touched wid a lip belonging to me—I'd have been here first, but I went round for the nearest way.

Clump. (apart.) Oho! this is t' chap who comes fra' t'other cousin who wants to flungudgeon my master out of his estate—What, I reckon you're gotten some letter.

Ted. Yes—I have got a letter that I left behind me, and if master do not bring it with him, I shall not be able to deliver it before he comes.

Gang. So, you left Port without orders?

Ted. Never since he was christen'd was Teddy the lad to leave a drop till it was all gone.—This riding is mighty warm work, and if I had not got *wet* in a nice *cooling* shower, I should not have had a dry thread about me.

Clump. Before thou talks of riding thou should put on thy boots.

Ted. Boots are very well for walking, because they keep the dust out of one's *shoes*; it was quite enough for the poor beast to carry myself, so I brought every thing else under my arm, you see.

Clump. (to GANGWAY.) They've ax't us to gang into t'house, and as you and I can't agree about family matters, I'll take a mouthful o'comfort wi' this gentleman.

Ted. Do—my mouth holds half a pint, and I'll measure it immediately.

[*Exeunt TEDDY and CLUMP into house.*]

Gang. And so he says that my girl wou'd'nt be a bit better than the son of a fellow that don't know a topsail from a tarbarrel! for setting in case, as I should marry Poll Pullaway, what a fine voyage we should have of it.—She makes the best cheque shirts and brandy flip in the whole navy—and when she goes to a dance in a new gown and fine head-gear, her skull's as well feathered as the best waterman's daughter in Wapping.

Song—GANGWAY.

Your landsmens' wives with all their airs

Must strike to Poll of Wapping stairs,

No tighter lads is going,

From Irongate to Limehouse hole

You'll never meet a better soul,

Not while the Thames is flowing.

II,

Her father he's a jolly dog

Poll keeps him spruce and brews his grog,

And never flints his measure :

She minds full well the house affairs

And seldom drinks, and never swears,

And is'nt that a pleasure ?

III.

And when we wed, that happy time,

The bells of Wapping all shall chime,

And when we're gone to Davy,

Our girls like Poll, shall work and sing,

Our boys, like me, shall serve their king

On board old England's navy.

Enter ROSANNA.

Ros. Surely that is the honest fellow belonging to the naval officer I saw so little and liked so much at Weymouth.—Sir, is not that Mr. Gangway ?

Gang. Tom Gangway at your service ; six months a powder monkey, seven years a 'prentice, and now coxswain of the captain's barge.

Ros. What captain, pray ?

Gang. Captain Foresail, of the Wildfire frigate, come from a cruise off the enemy's coast, taken nothing cause they wont come out; and put in here to make prize of these premises, according to instructions left in his uncle's log book.

Ros. (apart) Is he one of the candidates ?—then I will list him into the service of this poor girl, for

tars are always generous.—I suppose your master is rich?

Gang. Yes, he has the good wishes of the ship's crew, and the mounseers with him at the devil.

Ros. Charming!—but for money?

Gang. Tide must be low—for he has'nt launch'd a yellow admiral among us these three weeks.

Ros. Then he will not get the estate, which goes to the *richest* man.

Gang. Like stowing the bread room when the ship's laden with biscuit

Ros. Was not the captain ashore last summer?

Gang. Yes—and when he went to sea again he took to writing love letters and poetry all in rhyme—the admiral thought he was mad, for he sent him one of 'em in mistake, so that his dispatch began with calling his commander a *fair* enemy, and swearing that he had *set fire* to his *imagination*, when there is'nt a ship of that name in all the farvice.

Ros. And a certain lady received a letter at the same time from sea, to request she would instantly send on board a best bower anchor, and fifteen fathom of cable—but now you talk of letters—I am sure you can keep a secret,

Gang. That's so like Poll—pray, madam, have you any acquaintance with a young woman at Wapping?

Ros. Never mind Wapping, but accept this earnest of my good will, (*gives money*) come to me in half an hour at that cottage, and take a letter to the Captain, without a word of who it comes from—it is all to serve a worthy girl—and——

Gang. I will—and if I say a word——

Ros. Hush, for if you do, the very echo will repeat it.

Trio—ROSANNA, GANGWAY, and ECHO.

Ros. Soft ! do but listen ! ev'ry word
You utter here is overheard ;

Therefore be cautious what you tell,
For, mark, an echo here doth dwell.

Echo. Well ?

Gang. Yo ho !

Echo. Yo ho !

Gang. Who answers me

Echo. . . . Me,

Ros. Your name, pray will you let us know ?

Echo. No.

Gang. Zounds ! are we two or three ?

Echo. Three.

Ros. And can you sing as well as we ?

Echo. Oui ?

All. Fal la, &c.

Gang. Pray where are you that overhear ?

Echo. Here,

Ros. Above or on the ground ?

Echo. On the ground,

Gang. Are you far away, or near ?

Echo. Near.

Ros. What makes our words resound ?

Echo. Sound.

Gang. Hip, mesmate !

Echo. Hip, Mesmate.

Gang. Will you answer true ?

Echo. True.

Gang. Then who's a greater fool than you ?

Echo. You.

Ros. No, you.

Echo. No, you.

All. Fal la, &c.

Gang. Yonder comes the captain; han'nt you better write your letter by word of mouth ?

Ros. No, no—and if you betray me—may you never be married—mind that. [Exit.

Gang. How like Poll she is—so, I'm to be trusted with a secret ! They are awkward things to keep—

Enter FORESAIL.

Your honour's first oars, I believe.

Fore. Have you given my note to Mr. Plainly ?

Gang. That, sir—is a—secret,—that—i've half a mind to tell him (*aside*).

Fore. Did you make haste to obey my orders, sir ?

Gang. So much that I got here before the head of my horse, your honour—the steward is within here—at that cottage yonder—waiting to write—that is to ask you to eat a bit of a letter—that I must'nt mention because the lady says it's a secret.

Fore. I fear when you pitched over your horses head, you fell upon your own, and your brains have been shook by the accident—go—ask whether I may speak with Mr. Plainly.

Gang. Yes, sir—I'm glad I did'nt let out—when I'm trusted with anything, I'm as close as a purser's pocket-book, and as quiet as his conscience

[Exit into the house.

Fore. My chance of possession here, has little in its favour ; my pay has enabled me to live like a gentleman, and perhaps had I saved more of my prize-money—but no, the lads who fought for it with me deserved to share it, and though twenty estates instead of one depended, they should never be

obtained at the expence of those poor, but brave fellows I am proud to call my shipmates, friends, and children:

Song—FOREFAIL.

My ship's my house, my home, my land,

My family not few;

My children those whom I command,

A bold and jolly crew;

And while together thus we sail,

Britons, united, must prevail!

II.

For treasure, I've my seamen's love,

And if the foe intends

To venture forth, he soon may prove

The value of such friends:

For while together thus we sail,

Briton, united, must prevail!

Enter PLAINLY.

Plain. Captain Foresail, welcome—seven years have little altered you—I would wish success to your present pursuit, but I respect you all three, and will not compliment one at the expence of the other two.

Fore. Honest as ever—I assure you it is not the desire of wealth has brought me hither, but a sentiment, I trust, of a nobler nature.

Plain. I am ready to respect your sentiments; but how are your hopes—I mean with respect to this estate?

Fore. Down in the hold completely.

Plain. Then it was scarcely worth while to come.

Fore. You shall hear that I had powerful reasons—here is company, step this way a moment.

[*Exit FORESAIL and PLAINLY.*]

Enter Mr. and Mrs. ARABLE.

Ar. Well, here we are, Arabella, this is the estate we may hope to call ours. Things are not so bad, and if we go on in our journey through life as well as we have got through that dirty lane, we shall do very well.

Mrs. A. Well! I wish I was at home again, there's no good got by going abroad, I'm sure.

Ar. And yet you have been three months looking forward with all possible impatience for this very day, and the pleasures you expected from it.

Mrs. A. To be sure, and a fine day it is—I dare say our people at home have got the seven acre field nearly cut down by this time; did you leave orders with Robin about the old hay-rick?

Ar. Yes; and I wish you would leave Robin where he is, and attend to me.—Do you like the place?

Mrs. A. (*Looking round.*) Fine land.

Ar. Neat mansion and garden.—Observe that elegant slope.

Mrs. A. Yes, worth six pound an acre at least.

Ar. And that spring, which swelling into a luxuriant stream, glides gently through the grounds.

Mrs. A. That is charming to be sure.

Ar. Oho! I thought you could not be insensible to that.

Mrs. A. Insensible! it is the prettiest thing I ever saw—beautiful! it runs close to the laundry, and the maids may get as much water as they please without asking the men for it.

Ar. Damn the laundry! I wish you were locked up in it.

Mrs. A. Sir!

Ar. But it's always the way—every attempt at rational observation, is destroyed by an idiot who is as blind as a beetle to the beauties of nature, and has not an idea of fun and air beyond the use of pattens, or the pleasures of a washing day.

Mrs. A. Don't tell me about your son and heir—I am sure you have been as cross as four roads all the way; but I knew how it would be when the Magpie flew over us as soon as we came out.

Ar. Well now, my dear Arabella, let us try to harmonize with the scene around us—how could you think of magpies when you have just now been delighted with such a charming concert.

Mrs. A. Concert! I could not hear a note of it for those nasty birds, they made such a noise.

Ar. Why it is those very birds I mean; they delight my ear in ten thousand natural keys,

Mrs. A. I wish you would think more of your own keys; if I had not found them in the back parlour, all would have been left to the mercy of the servants.

Ar. (*Takes out a book.*) It is to no purpose talking to her—I'll look over the accounts I have brought to prove my claims here—they are by no means so clear as I could wish them.

Enter CLUMP.

Mrs. A. Well, fir, I thought you were to have returned to us.

Clump. Yes ma'am, but while you and master were quarrelling which of three roads to take. I was fear'd of coming back by t' right way and meeting neither of you.

Ar. (*At his book.*) Rather perplex'd here.

Mrs. A. Your master and I quarrel ! did we ever quarrel ; pray, am not I always——

Ar. Damn'd cros and troublesome, to be sure.

[*Still reading.*]

Mrs. A. Me !

Ar. No, my dear. Well, fir, is there no female in the house to bid your mistress welcome ?

Clump. Female ! there's a fine cold gooife.

Ar. Ignorant ! is there no young woman ?

Clump. Aye, by t' mafs is there ! and a bonny one shoos, she wants to see master, madam ; but you won't be jealous, for she's t' sweetest lass you ever clapt your eyes on.

Mrs. A. Me jealous !—I'll go look at her—now, my dear, don't poke your eyes out with always reading so, I'm sure books make litter enough at home.

Ar. But this is business I was obliged to bring with me.

Mrs. A. Ah, me ! when shall we come abroad and leave all our troubles behind us !

[*Exit into house.*]

Ar. Never while you and I go out together, I am sure, my dear.

Clump. While master's studying t' beauties o' nature, I'll make an end o' t' old gooife's merry-thought.

[*Exit into the house.*]

Ar. Was ever man so whimsically married, and yet I am the envy of my neighbours for having the cleverest helpmate in the county.—Ah! this is the spot where a more romantic prospect of wedded happiness was once pictured by my boyish fancy.—’Twas a melancholy day, when death, like frost in a too early spring, destroyed thy lovely blossoms.

Song—ARABLE.

In early youth, my Fanny’s charms
Might Kings have tempted to her arms;
Her swimming eye, now fill’d with love,
Now sparkling with celestial fire,
(Like Venus, from her orb above)
Might hermits warm to chaste desire.
She had ten thousand charms beside.
But in these arms my Fanny died!

II.

Our friends had fix’d the nuptial day,
The night before had limp’d away,
How slowly to a lover’s mind,
At length in search of promised bliss,
I rose, in hopes my girl to find,
I ran to claim a husband’s kiss.
And taste ten thousand joys beside,
When, in these arms my Fanny died!

Re-enter PLAINLY and FORESAIL.

Fore. George Arable, I am happy to see you; our being rivals here in the same pursuit will not, I am certain, interrupt our friendship.

Ar. When I give you my hand 'tis not without my heart in it. Mr. Plainly, I can say no less to you. Is our third candidate arrived?

Plain. No, and by all accounts it is not unlikely but he may forget to come at all; but till he comes, suppose you take a peep at the manor-house. I'll call the ladies to accompany us—heaven bless you—I wish you could all win, and then the day would end as it ought to do. *[Exit into the house.]*

Fore. And how goes the farm on, George?

Ar. As usual. We plough the land as you do the ocean, for the good of our country—and while the work is done by honest hands, Providence will prosper the harvest in spite of all opposers.

Duet — ARABLE and FORESAIL.

Albion! on thy fertile plains,
(Though cruel war around thee reigns,)

See gentle peace prevailing;

While, o'er the waves that guard thy coast,

The British navy, Albion's boast,

Spite of each foe, is sailing.

Long may the yellow harvest glad thy happy land,

Long may thy wooden walls repel each hostile band.

[Exeunt into the house.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Manor-house.*

Enter Mrs. NOTABLE and HENRICA.

Mrs. Not. Now my dear Miss, don't fret ; while I am house-keeper here, you shall never want a friend—you have been kind to me, and I would do any thing, but lose my place, to serve you, out of pure love and antipathy to your poor dear mother.

Hen. Could I but vindicate her honour.

Mrs. Not. Her honour has been shamefully vindicated indeed—but poor Ralph can tell you the story better than I, and has it all by heart as cute as I have the cookery book.

Hen. Yet to all my enquiries he never will say more, than that my mother was used ill—I come now take my leave of you—will you not tell me, was she ill used ?

Mrs. Not. That she was, wickedly used—She that was so solitary and convivial, and as innocent of *nem. con.* as the child unborn. But she never lived to tell us the rights of it—the surprise was too great—she was carried to Ralph's house—and at your birth, she—

Hen. Left me motherless!—Who was the supposed partner in what I am sure she was wrongfully accused ?

Mrs. Not. Very wrongfully excused, child—but no one could guess with whom ; your father found a stranger in her chamber, who was gone in a mo-

ment a chaise and four went through the village—Master followed it, but the person left it and escaped.

Hen. My father——

Mrs. Not. Was the most passionate man living, and returned no more—and they do say he went abroad with a wicked woman—Mr. Plainly came to be steward, and the 'quire's will, which came from abroad, after his death, is all we since have heard of him.

Hen. Yet poor Ralph, my foster father has always declared my mother's innocence, and incurred my father's hatred, by turning from his house, the man whose information led to the scene you have described.

Mrs. Not. Ralph was told your mother was not to blame, by a lady who paid for your board and schooling.

Hen. And her kindness has lately ceased, nor can we discover how or where to address her.

Mrs. Not. Never mind, you'll never want—you can paint chimney fans with transparent churches, dark moons, and houses burning by candle light—You are a powerful artist, child, and if it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't have known a garret from an attic story, or that the ceiling of the blue room was done by *Indigo Jones*.

Enter ROSANNA.

Ros. Ah, Mrs. Notable, a busy day for you—Miss Henrica, from your good nature at our introduction, I shall venture to ask a favour of you.

Hen. It has been so little in my power to render

services, that I shall be proud to have any opportunity— [HENRICA and ROSANNA walk up the stage.

Mrs. Not. I'm sure I have cause to be melancholy—ten to one if I don't lose my place—All the curtains will go without covers, and the gold frames that are only fit to be looked at, will see more daylight than they have done for these seven years—Well, now to shew the pictures and apartments, and if the gentlefolks remember the housekeeper as they ought, that dear girl shall have every half crown disclosed in a *synonymous* letter. [Exit.

HENRICA and ROSANNA come forward.

Ros. My guardian wishes me to marry—I have seen this captain before, and like him, and if I have your permission to pass for you, I shall be able to prove whether he is as disinterested as he is agreeable.

Hen. Ought *your* deception to be the touchstone of *his* sincerity?

Ros. Why not, 'tis using the weapons of his sex in the cause of *ours*—suffer me to proceed in what I give my honour, shall be a harmless frolic.

Hen. And where did you see this youth you are so attached to?

Ros. I first saw him in—in my sleep.

Hen. In your sleep?

Ros. Yes; and when I was awake too—for last summer when I was at Weymouth—

Hen. Well?

Ros. I'll tell you what happened.

Song—ROSANNA.

Methought as I walk'd by the side of the sea,
And was thinking of *what* I don't know;
A poor little sailor boy came up to me,
His features all sorrow and woe,
Says he, spare a portion of what you enjoy,
To comfort a poor little sailor boy.

II.

Whence came you? says I, says he, look out a-head,
On the ocean my mother was born;
When I turned I beheld a gay captain instead
Of the urchin who laughed me to scorn.
'Twas Cupid himself, who, my heart to annoy,
Took the form of a poor little sailor boy.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Landscape.*

Enter FORESAIL and PLAINLY.

Plain. This letter is certainly a powerful advocate for the cause of this poor girl—but why should you be so urgent against your own interest?

Fore. Nay, at present I only request your influence with whoever shall be the landlord, to continue the honest rustic who befriended Henrica in the farm he tenants.

Plain. Aye, aye, the girl is pretty.

Fore. She is much more—she is as virtuous as unfortunate.

Plain.. Well, if her mother was guilty, Henrica is not the offspring of my friend, if innocent—but that is scarcely possible—take care Frank, of a pair of seducing eyes, they are troublesome beacons even when they lead us *right*—but when the sparkling jack-a-lanterns drag us *out* of our way, there is no bottom to the bogs, ditches, and quagmires of perplexity, we are sure to fall into. [Exit.

Fore. My friend Plainly cannot fear my falling in love with a girl I never saw—no, not even the fascinating lass I met at Weymouth should make a *dying* lover of me—the fate of a near friend has taught me better—methinks I now hear the mournful ditty he was wont to sing beneath a drooping willow—poor fellow, his reason fell a victim to unsuccessful love.

Song—FORESAIL.

Oh, take me to your arms, love, for keen the wind doth blow,
Oh, take me to your arms, love, for bitter is my woe!
She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she lift to me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree!

My love has wealth and beauty, the rich attend her door,
My love has wealth and beauty, and I, alas, am poor.
The ribband fair, that bound her hair, is all that's left to me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree!

III.

I once had gold and silver, I thought 'em without end,
I once had gold and silver, I thought I had a friend;
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my love he stole from me,
And here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree! [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A suite of apartments hung with pictures.

Enter Mrs. NOTABLE, GANGWAY, TEDDY, and CLUMP.

Mrs. Not. This way, if you please. Now ladies and gentlemen—gracious me—the quality are all staying behind, and mind me no more than if I was out of place.

Gang. But while they over-haul the stores in the next birth, can't you tell us more about these fine foreign pictures ?

Mrs. Not. Certainly sir—I must make friends here to keep my place—(*apart*)—that picture, gentlemen——

Clump. Stop, if you please—what races be those over the door ?

Gang. I been't fond of your horse-tackle—I'd rather undertake a twelve-oar'd galley alone, than the finest racer afloat (*walks up.*)

Mrs. Not. Well, but let us begin in the right place—first, there are the two misers by *Squintin Matches*, the blacksmith of *Antrim*.

Ted. Of Antrim ! oh, the clever old Irishman !

Mrs. Not. He turned painter for love, got his master's daughter and fortune down upon the nail, and left off *forgery* to write love letters.

Ted. To be sure, would you have an Irish blacksmith write to a lady wid a sledge hammer in his fist ?

Clump. Now I come North, and always thought love-making belonged to a Scotch blacksmith.

Ted. There's your mistake—the Scotch blacksmith makes an end of love at the very beginning.

Gang. Avast! Here's a sea fight—here they are—starboard and larboard—bombshells and broadsides—canvass in rags—chain—grape—canister and catamarans—warm work, shiver my mizen!

Mrs. Not. That is the destruction of a Dutch fleet, by——I forgot who—but it is somebody that is dead now.

Gang. Then it was Duncan, for a week's grog with you.

Mrs. Not. That is a painter I never heard of.

Gang. But I have—and he was one who always came off with flying colours.

Mrs. Not. The next is the Spartan *Thief*, finely executed. A *Black Boy* by Sir Peter Lély, and an old woman frying fritters by—by—firelight.

Clump. Aye, there's some *taste* in that.

Mrs. Not. There is a doctor's shop in the best manner of *Teniers*.

Ted. Ten years! I'd be twenty doing the likes of it.

Mrs. Not. It is so finely painted, that those might be taken for real medicines.

Gang. And wou'd do about as much good.

Mrs. Not. There is a *sick* man by Lefevre, and the head of a great actor by O Pee.

Ted. O P! That's another *Irish* painter, I suppose.

Mrs. Not. No, a mere Englishman, and *his* paintings are more like *people* than *pictures*.

Clump. What have you gott'n behind t'curtain there? (*going towards it.*)

Mrs. Not. Ah! do not touch it—it is the most

beautiful picture in the room, but I never shew it for fear of accidents—it is Venus at her twilight, and three fashionable Graces without clothes on.

Gang. One may see that every day.

WINDMILL (*without*)

Wind. Teddy! Where the devil are you?

Mrs. Not. (*to Teddy*) Is that your master, fir?

Ted. No, it's *me*, my name's Teddy, but I dare say he's come by his calling. I know his way, tho' he has no memory of his own, he'll remember to get the estate as clean as a whistle.

Mrs. Not. Then I hope fir, I shall have your parentage and interest.

Ted. You shall have the care of all the silver drinking glasses, and if those gentlemen don't be-mean themselves, you shall send them off with a moment's wages at a month's warning.

Wind. Teddy, you rascal! (*within*)

Ted. That's me sure enough.

[*Exit.*

Gang. If my master call'd me a rascal, I should break my heart.

Clump. That wou'dn't do wi'me—they make us pay for all we break at our house.

Mrs. Not. And at ours too—but if the Captain should be the lucky man, you'll not turn me off, I hope, fir? you'll let me keep my place—won't you? (*to Gangway*).

Gang. That I will—for the seaman who would cut out an *old* pensioner from the comforts of a good birth, ought to be shipwreck'd in sight of *Greenwich*, if it was only to teach him hospitality. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Not. Not an *old* pensioner neither.—I hope fir, (*to Clump*) no offence for my speaking for the

other gentleman's good word, but *you* look so pleasant I thought I might be *sure* of *yours*.

Clump. (pompously) Well, my young lafs, if we get t'place, we'll think o'you.

Mrs. Not. Young lafs! that's a sensible man, and I'm glad I spoke in time, for where gentlemen of *his* country once get footing, let 'em alone for keeping it. [Exit.]

Clump. If we get t'day, I munnot be sarvant o'all work here, I mun get t'wages raised a bit, or I'll not stay—I've saved a few half guineas i'ma fob here, and as I'm free o'my native city I can leave off being a *sarvant* and take up my *livery*—not but what I'm content where I am just now, because it's like to be the best place for me.

Song—CLUMP.

My father who always knew what he were at,
 A cunning and good-natur'd elf;
 Bid me take o'this thing, and take care o'that,
 But says I, I'll take care o'myself.
 So I ventured for Yorkshire to better my lot,
 And since 'twas my fortune to come to this spot,
 I'm vastly well pleased wi'the place I ha got.
 When I sing fal de ral, &c.

II.

" Since money, they say, makes the mare for to go,
 " Getting money must be the best plan;
 " And as Yorkshiremen, understand horses you know,
 " On my hobby I'll keep while I can.
 " This ground is all fair, and I fear not a jot.
 " There'll be no falling off, if I don't spur too hot,
 " And when luck doesn't gallop, she's welcome to trot,
 " While I'm singing fal de ral. &c."

III.

And when I get married, for marry I must.

As soon as I find out a lass;

She'll meet wi' a pretty good husband I trust,

And wi' her I'll ha' plenty o' brags,

I'm not hard to please, when I'm chusing d'ye see;

She mun come o' good kin, and besides she must be,

For beauty, why—just such another as me.

While I sing, fal de ral, &c.

[Exit,

Enter ROSANNA.

Ros. Here comes the Captain—I have got my guardian's consent to make my choice, and if this youth, who knew not my name when we met at Weymouth, has spirit and generosity to prefer me, still, in the character of *poor* Henrica, he shall have the rich Rosanna for his reward—so now to try how poverty becomes me.

Enter FORESAIL.

Fore. Surely that must be the girl, who, at Weymouth—it is—is it possible I have the pleasure once again to meet you? When we parted, I had no such hopes.

Ros. Nor I indeed, sir—and though I have ventured to address a letter to you—

Fore. Are you Henrica? I heard at Weymouth you were rich.

Ros. There is no trusting reports, sir.

Fore. Is there a mistake, then?

Ros. I believe there is, sir—will you befriend Henrica?

Fore. It was my chief business here—I had strong reasons; even before I received your letter.

Ros. Ah, sir—it is a sad thing to be poor.

Fore. I would not *presume* on such a circumstance; but if the plain heart of a sailor be worthy your acceptance — —

Ros. But you sailors, are inconstant—and as the song says, there are Syrens in every port.

Fore. To convince you of my honour, let my pretensions be instantly submitted to any friend of yours.

Ros. At yonder cottage, there is one, in whose presence you may say what you please—but if you deceive me——

Fore. Sooner wou'd I lower my flag without a broadside, than turn traitor to the girl, who generously entrusts me with the sacred deposit of her heart's affection.

Ros. And, wou'd you think of me, when at sea?

Duet, FORESAIL and ROSANNA.

Fore. My bosom like the ocean heaving,

Wou'd breathe responsive sighs so true;

Ros. While, by some murm'ring streamlet grieving,

I'd sit, and sing, and think of you.

For thoughts are free,

Fore. Yet mine shou'd be

Fix'd as the fates, my love on thee,

Bath. For thoughts are free,
Yet mine should be
Fix'd as the fates, my love, on thee.

II.

Fore. The nightingale in cadence pretty,
Wou'd seem to mourn my love at sea ;

Ref. By moonlight watch, the sailor's ditty
Wou'd oft' remind me, love of thee.

Yet thoughts are free,
Fore. And mine wou'd be
Fix'd as the fates, my love, on thee.

Bath. Thoughts are free, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

Mr. and Mrs. ARABLE meeting.

Mrs. A. Well, George, we shall soon know our fortune, and if we should win the estate,—

Arab. And if we *should*, Arabella, what would you do first ?

Mrs. A. Me ! oh, I'd—first of all——what would you do ?

Arab. Open the prospect, decorate the grounds, and give all possible assistance to the natural beauties of the place.

Mrs. A. And I would repair the great kitchen, build a new brewery, enlarge the dairy, set all the folks to work ! then give them all a good dinner and warm clothing.

Arab. So you should, Bell ; but there are other charms in a spot like this.

Mrs. Arab. What charms can equal a village full

of chubby little ones, with roses in their cheeks, cherries on their lips, and plenty in their hands.—I hardly see one in the place.

Arab. But when *we* take possession ———

Mrs. A. We will have such a day, with all the men, women, and children around us—the young ones in the lawn, the parents on the hill, you and I to wait on them; while one of the tenants in a fine speech, would come and say ———

Enter CLUMP.

Clump. It's all over wi' us—all up wi' house and lands, sir—t' right man come at last; he calls stoutly about him, and has began to make strange alterations already.

Mrs. A. Alterations! blockhead!

Clump. So he is ma'am, he's building castles up in t'clouds, and that's a very foolish thing.

Arab. Isn't it my dear? I say, Arabella, child, I'm afraid the "Tenants set speech" has spoiled your fine Lilliputian festival.

Mrs. A. None of your sneers, George—you cannot plan a better feast, I'm sure—and if castles built in air were always as heartily built for the accommodation and happiness of others, it is a pity they should ever tumble down for want of a better foundation. [Exit.

Ar. Are you certain your news is true, sir?

Clump. No, but stop and see, sir—he has sett'n gardners to work, began to drain t'great fish-pond, signed seven leases, and open'd house for all comers at t'Green Man—he's quite a *sensible* chap too, wanted to hire me for head sarvant, but I told him

honestly I'd stay with *you*, sir—and so I will, till I
better myself—you may depend. [Exit.

Ar. So then cousin Windmill is to be the lucky
man—he need not be in so great hurry though, or
he may kick down his basket of glass, and his hopes
may banish like the fancied felicity of my well-
meaning wife.—To-day will yield a rich harvest to
some of us. but while we have all our harvests in
some way or other, no honest fellow will repine at
the success of his neighbour.

Song, ARABLE.

The hero, who, to live in story,
In search of honour dares to roam,
And reaps a crop of fame and glory,
His is the soldier's harvest home.

II.

The tar, who, on the ocean fighting,
Brave billows, while they tow'ring foam,
And safe returns, his Poll, delighting,
His is the sailor's harvest home.

III.

“ Let soldiers, sailors, farmers meeting,
“ In arms, if e'er the foe shou'd come,
“ Give 'em a downright English greeting,
“ While laurels crown our harvest home.”

SCENE V.—*An Inn.*

Enter TEDDY and Peasants, shouting.

Ted. Huzza! room for his honour! here's my master, Mr. Windmill, coming full sail, and if he doesn't forget it, will make a man of every mother's child in the county—huzza!

Enter WINDMILL.

Wind. Thank ye, my honest children of rusticity—this is real popularity; and the natural affection of tenants for a landlord—they never saw before—*Must* hum 'em a bit for fear of accidents. [*To TEDDY.*

Ted. Do, your honour, give 'em some beef, and a big barrel of beer; and then see how they'll reign over you.

Wind. (*Abstractedly.*) Beef and beer! I ought to be at Newmarket at this very instant.—What are all those people doing here?

Ted. They only *want* to be doing. I told 'em you are going to be lord of the manor. The other candidates have been here these three hours.

Wind. When do they start? I shall be ruined for not keeping my word with Sir Harry—I promised to doctor his restive horses, and I think I know the way.

Ted. What will I do with the people here, sir?

Wind. (*still absent*) Rub 'em down gently, and if that won't do, use the whip.

Ted. He's up; but I'll fetch him down again—Give him a shout, my boys!

Wind. If they win a race through my management, we shall have such a—(*the people shout*)—That's right—keep it up, my lads, and do you shew 'em the way. [To TEDDY.

Ted. Fait, it's a way I know as well as any one—so, come along my honeys; devil a harm it'll do to drink long life to his honor, and a groan for the spalpeen that's last fuddled in company.

[*Exeunt TEDDY and Mob.*

Wind. What a whirl I am in! I must have forgot a vast number of things in my hurry—Teddy!—

Re-enter TEDDY.

What did I call you back for? Oh! did you tell those gentlemen they're welcome to ask for what they like.

Ted. Yes, fir; and what more could I tell 'em.

Wind. Why, now you may tell 'em they're welcome to pay for it—where's the key of my trunk?

Ted. It's safe inside, fir—I borrowed the box-maker's key, to lock it up with—and I packed up your pocket-pistols in it too, for fear you shou'd want 'em on the road.

Wind. Blunderer! Go, tell Mr. Dubious I'm arrived, and see if you can make a mistake there.

Ted. I'll do my best, fir.

[*Exit.*

Wind. It's lucky I keep two keys—They say I had no memory; but if I was half as stupid as that fellow—(*Feels in his pocket.*)—Eh! why, Teddy!

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Your servant [be gone out, sir.

Wind. Gone out—Oh! true. Bring me some wine and water.

Wait. Warm or cold, sir?

Wind. Bring a bottle and a bunch of keys.

Wait. Keys, sir!

Wind. Yes, cold without sugar—(*Exit Waiter.*)—
Oh! I remember tying the other key to the button of a waistcoat I left at home for fear of forgetting it.

Enter Waiter, with Wine and keys.

Wind. That's right—I don't think these will do; bid the blacksmith bring his picklocks—run, and don't let any body up 'till he comes.

Wait. We haven't got never a blacksmith, sir, but old ugly as we call him, and he be never out of the way but when he's wanted.

Wind. Find him directly—I mustn't be seen this figure—(*tries the keys.*)—Yes, here's one—(*opens the box.*)—And now to see what Teddy has put up for me (*slips on a dressing-gown.*)—Honey-water, ink, Battle gunpowder, and pocket-pistols. I'll rub a little of this honey-water into my hair—Zounds! this is ink—(*puts it on the table and fills his snuff box out of the powder-flask.*)

Enter DUBIOUS,

Well, old Ugly, I don't want you now, Mr. Blacksmith, you may take your picklocks away again.

Dub. Picklocks ! why, can this be my godson, Watty ?

Wind. (*Looking.*) Your godson ! I beg ten thousand pardons ; I know you'll forgive my inadvertency, so sit down and take a glass of wine.

[*Gives him the ink bottle.*]

Dub. I have not dined, Watty—but your company and a glass of black-strap—poh ! what's this—black-strap with a vengeance ;

Wind. I gave you the wrong bottle—devilish disagreeable to be sure—but never mind—take a pinch of this and it will go off.

Dub. (*Takes WINDMILL's box.*) Go off ! to be sure it will—it's gunpowder !

Wind. Here's a blow up ! come, now I *will* help you.

Dub. No ; I'd better help myself ; for if I trust to you, I may get poison instead of port. [*They sit.*]

Wind. A common thing in some houses. Come, fir, we'll drink to my father's memory.

Dub. And wishing *your's* better at the same time. Oh ! I was an old friend of his, and stood godfather to you.

Wind. What, fir, was you at my christening ?

Dub. Yes, I was.

Wind. That's very odd, I haven't the slightest recollection of it !

Dub. And I promised your father to do something handsome for you.

Wind. I hope you haven't a bad memory, fir ?

Dub. Why, there's no certainty in any thing, and that's my doctrine. How did you lay out the thousand pounds you had to begin the world with ?

Wind. In purchasing experience, then borrowed upon the credit of my expectations here—built a neat house, and being my own architect—

Dub. It tumbled down, I suppose.

Wind. No; 'twas burnt down one night by a candle I always kept lighted for fear of accidents—so, I lost all a second time.

Dub. How came you not insured?

Wind. Want of *policy*, sir; for while I was considering whether I shou'd go *Hand-in-Hand* with the *Sun*, or make an *Exchange* for the *Globe*, I blaz'd out like a *Phoenix*.

Dub. Well said, Watty.

Wind. I then was editor of a paper which nobody read—proprietor of a medicine that nobody took—invented a wash ball to shave without a razor—and got a patent for a razor that won'dn't shave at all.

Dub. How was that?

Wind. It was never tried—so I cut the razors, and have now a number of plans, which *must* succeed. In the first place, I've laid out 5000*l.* on a favourite horse.

Dub. What, without money?

Wind. I'm in the secret—and if he shou'd lose, I've made a hedge, and know how to get over it—then I've a play at each theatre, if they both fail, it will be damn'd hard—and six whole tickets in the lottery that ends to-day—they've all been dream'd of, and in the present rich state of the wheel, there's only one thousand five hundred and seventeen chances to one against them.

Dub. Too many irons in the fire, and some of 'em will burn.

Wind. If they *shou'd* I have another resource yet—there's the something handsome you were to do for me.

Dub. And have you the impudence to look in my face—and—

Wind. No, sir; it's impossible to do that, and think of any thing *handsome*? but as far as 10,000*l.* goes—I shou'd think——

Dub. Well, I'll give it you in your own way.—I happen to have a lottery ticket, which you may add to the list of your lucky numbers, it may be worth 10,000*l.* for though it has not been *dream'd* of, there's not above 1517 chances to one against it.

Wind. And will you *give* it me?

Dub. Do you doubt my honour?

Wind. No; but I prefer your *doctrine*, "there's no certainty in any thing," you know—so, for fear of accidents, write on the back, that you have transferr'd it to me.

Dub. I shan't forget.

Wind. But *I* may—so, here are pens and there's ink—and now I have him. (*brings pens and bottles from his trunk.*)

Dub. There, this is your ticket, as witness my hand. But, pray, among other projects, how comes it you never thought of matrimony?

Wind. Matrimony, Sir—because I'm in love

Dub. That's quite another thing—is the girl rich?

Wind. Such a beauty!

Enter ARABLE.

Ah, George, how goes it—I only wish you knew her—(*to Dubious.*)

Ar. I thought I saw you at the races last week.

Dub. Well, but this girl—

Wind. (*alternately to ARABLE and DUBIOUS*) Races—so I was—she's an angel, fir.—Did you see the black and grey poney come round the corner?—She's a beauty, fir—such a form—neck to neck, you dog—dresses so delightfully—pink and blue for ever—and if you talk of eyes—there was hardly a nose between 'em—Oh! 'twas a grand match!

Ar. Did you win?

Dub. What is the worth?

Wind. Not a shilling.

Dub. Then, how could it be a grand match?

Wind. Who's this? I should like to try my fortune with her.

Enter MRS. ARABLE.

Ar. Give me leave to introduce Mrs. Arable.

Wind. Madam, I assure you I was not sensible of——

Mrs. Ar. We see that, sir, very plainly, so no apologies.

Dub. Watty, here comes the girl for you—she's my ward, and you have my hearty consent to try your fortune.

Enter ROSANNA and FORESAIL.

Wind. (to Ros.) Madam, I believe you are the Lady——

Fore. Who has promised to honour me with her hand.

Wind. How lucky for you I didn't come sooner—Teddy!

Enter TEDDY.

Ted. Your honour.

Wind. Bring my things to dress——

Dub. Oho! is this your Weymouth sea god?

[To ROSANNA,

Ros. Hush, guardy! only let me explain.

[Takes him apart.

Enter GANGWAY,

Gang. (*To FORESAIL.*) Captain, the boat's crew are come down with a round robin, which they beg leave to overhaul to you.

Enter CLUMP and Waiter.

Clump. Ladies and gentlemen, here's waiter says dinner's ready; and Mr. Plainly says, when that's over, he'll settle all your consarns for you.

Ar. Come then, a chearful glass shall fortify us against the smiles or frowns of fortune that await us.

FINALE.

Foresail and Windmill } Social joys, would you combine,

Arab. & Clump. } Fill the bowl with rosy wine,

Gangway. Or nut-brown ale.

Teddy. Each jolly dog,
At sea prefers a can of grog.

Ladies. Whiskey-punch will do for me;
Or, if fill'd the cup must be,

Men. We prefer a dish of tea;

Foref. & Wind. Thus to drink we all agree,

Arab. & Clump. Wine!

Teddy. Ale!

Gangway. Whiskey!

Ladies. Grog!

Omnes. Green Tea!

Or we retire.

Omnes. We all agree

Merrily, merrily, merrily we,

Thus to drink do all agree.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room at the inn.**TEDDY and Sailors discovered.**Sailors.* HA ! ha ! ha ! Well said, Teddy.*Cable.* That's right my lad ; you're one of our own fort.*Ted.* Fait I'm one of your own nation, tho' an Irishman, and I glory in a sailer, tho' I never was at sea in my life.*Flip.* How came you here then ?*Ted.* In the packet, honey—d'ye think I was trundled over in a wheel-barrow ?*Capstan.* Well, every man to his trade ; I was brought up to thresh the enemy.*Ted.* And I to thresh corn—I handled the whip with the wooden thong, that knocks the wheat out of the empty straw.*Flip.* Well, Teddy, we're about private business, and you can do us a service.*Ted.* It's no sarvice axing, if I can't.*Flip.* Take care of that door, and let no one in without a watch-word.*Ted.* Devil a word shall they speak at all, without axing lave.

Capstan. Then let nobody in, without he says "Whiskey"—can you remember that?

Ted. Can I ever forget it? (*a knock heard*) now you shall see Teddy stand to his arms.—Who's there?

Gang. (*without*) A friend.

Ted. Friend or enemy, you don't come here 'till you say "Whiskey."

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Ted. That's mighty genteel to be sure.—Take notice, I quit the service. They laugh as if Irishmen were never born without brogues, or that I wou'dn't open my mouth, without putting my foot in it. [*Exit.*]

Enter GANGWAY.

Capstan. (*giving a paper to Gangway*) Here's the round-robin.

Gang. Avast, brother! no man has a right to give more than I do. We all love the Captain alike—so let it be share and share.

All. Aye, aye.

Gang. Then let's muster all hands.—Frank Flip!

Flip. What argufies overhauling our names. We're all here, and we're all there (*pointing to the paper*)—so bear a-hand, and read.

Gang. (*reads*) "On board the Green Man, half past four P. M. wind S.S.W. bearing half a league from the Three Magpies, and all hands drinking your honour's health in deep grog, and shallow water, Nobody's name being first at the bottom; whereby. if you cou'd tell the ringleader of a round-robin, there wou'd be no end to it.—We know you want money to get an estate, having often given us

all, and left yourself *nothing*, which we now return to you—for our last month's pay and prize-money shall be your's, by all the powers of attorney, which Ben Bumboat has bought of two booksellers—who are your loving shipmates till death.—In witness whereof, we have set our respectable hands."—There—now for the post-mark.

Cable. The postscript you mean.

Gang. "We also beg you to *except* a silver punch-ladle, which, as *you* are not given to drinking, will make a fine present for your honour's sweetheart."

Flip. But where's old Binnacle all this while?

Gang. Aye—the Captain saved his life, which, if he isn't one of us, on this occasion, will be the death of him.

Flip. But he hasn't a copper—He's four feet water in the purser's black list, for rum, grog, and other slops.

Gang. Poor fellow! We're described a large sum for our commander, a small one for a messmate can't hurt us—put down his name—we'll make it up among us.

Cable. But the robin's full—we're close flowed all round.

Gang. Are we? then put him in the middle of us—go find him out, and I'll meet you at the Captain's quarters.—[*Exit Sailors.*]—There they go—as nice a set of lads as ever crack'd a biscuit—oh, that they once were along-side the small craft of the enemy, to teach 'em what the boat's crew of a British man of war would *try* to do for them.

Song—GANGWAY.

Ye jolly man of war's men, where e're you chance to be,
For want of better pastime, come listen unto me :
And all give ear unto this here because it does indite
What hearty dogs we sailors be who for old England fight.

Tol lol, &c.

II.

Of boarding this our island the Frenchmen make a rout,
So we block up all their harbours because they wont come out,
And if they come with grannydears and baganets and floats,
We've got a set of Johnny Bulls to meet 'em in their boats.

Tol lol, &c.

III.

If they're to conquer us, what are we to do the while,
We've beat 'em in the Indies, we've beat 'em at the Nile ;
In channel, sea, or harbour we're ready still to try,
But while we're fond of fighting close, they're always fighting

shy.

Tol lol, &c.

SCENE II.—A Shrubbery, the Green Man at a distance.

Enter Mrs. NOTABLE and HENRICA.

Mrs. Not. Oh, Miss, my suspicions were not for nothing—I knew you had one grief more than you chose to tell of ; and when you met that gentlemen in blue, you turn'd all manner of colours, as I hope to keep my place.

Hen. So you really conclude that ——

Mrs. Not. Not I—when I begin to speak my mind, I never conclude at all—and I'm sure you almost frighten'd me into an *historical* fit.—Where did you see him before?

"*Hen.* I'm very sorry, but I hope he didn't observe that I—was—unwell.

"*Mrs. Not.* Is there any harm in being unwell?

"*Hen.* No, but it isn't pleasant to——

"*Mrs. Not.* I know it isn't pleasant, child; and though people wonder at having stupid head-achs, disagreeable tooth-achs, and painful fits of the gout; yet I never met with any that were sprightly, easy, or agreeable since the hour I was born. Come, tell the truth.—Where did you see him before?"

Hen. Heigho! I believe in London; but not being rich himself, he was too generous to plunge one he profess'd to love, into further poverty.

Mrs. Not. Not being rich! why, he's come here to claim the estate, and most likely will be lord of the manor. I'll go and ask him if I may keep my place (*aside*).

"*Hen.* He lord of the manor!

"*Mrs. Not.* And why not? and, perhaps, he may make you the lady—and, if he shou'd—(*altering her manner.*)—I hope, madam, you won't forget me—I flatter myself I'm fit for the *situation*—I look into and *expect* every thing, from the plate on the side-board to the tinder-box in the kitchen, where every match is of my own making.—Oh! if I can but bring 'em together, what a rare place I shall have of it. [*Exit.*

Hen. And is Mr. Windmill a candidate for the estate. Ah! Henrica, he has been elected in thy heart long ago—

Song—HENRICA.

Ah, what was the charm that my bosom ensnar'd,
 And reveal'd, 'ere his voice, what my lover declared ?
 From whence does my heart this sensation imbibe ?
 This something so pleasing I cannot describe.

II.

And what was the pow'r, which, disguis'd in a sigh,
 When he spoke, still prevented my tongue from reply ?
 While my ear, with delight, would each accent imbibe,
 'Twas something so pleasing, I cannot describe.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment at the Inn.*

*Enter FORESAIL, with a round robin, followed by
 GANGWAY.*

Gang. Now, do, your honour—you'll break their hearts if you don't.—They're gone, and have sent me again—I left 'em all as sulky as if they had clear'd ship for an engagement, and cou'dn't catch the enemy.

Fore. To deprive them of what they have so nobly acquired, would fully their captain's honour.—You wou'dn't like to hear me call'd a scoundrel ?

Gang. Yes, I wou'd, if I was in a humour for fighting—smite my timbers; how I cou'd lay about me !

Fore. I shall display this paper as proudly, as it it were the flag of a conquer'd enemy ; for, 'tis as glorious to win this voluntary token from the hearts of a gallant set of friends, as to tear down the ensign of the proudest foe.

Gang. I've seen you do that, after you had nail'd your own to the mast—but what signifies what I have seen, when you won't let a few honest lads

lend a-hand to set you a-float, because they happen to be poor fellows.

Fore. How dare you, fir! but I forget your motive.—Tell them, if I really wanted assistance, I should feel most honoured in accepting theirs.

Gang. I suppose you don't happen to be in want of a silver ladle, neither—you'll refuse the honour of that too, though I carved the handle myself, and the boat-swain's whistle was melted down, to make part of the bowl of it.

Fore. Yes; I shall take that with gratitude, and use it first, in filling a health to the brave boys who gave it me.

Gang. Then give us leave to treat you with the grog you drink it in, and we'll be as happy as if you had accepted our pay for a twelvemonth.

Fore. With all my heart, you shall find grog for the whole evening.

Gang. Shall we? then I'll lose no time in telling them; for when you refused 'em, they went moping, and sneaking away, like a first rate French man of war with a British East-Indiaman taking a Dance after her. [Exit.

Fore. The affection of these worthy lads, creates a pleasure, not to be described; their sentiments are worthy the heroes who carried the British thunder to the shores of Egypt, who shared in the dangers, and witnessed the fate of the lamented, the envied, the immortal Abercrombie.

Recitative and Air.—FORESAIL.

'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft' named,

Where Isis and Osiris once held sway,

O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride;

But now for British valour far more famed,

Since Nelson's band achiev'd a glorious day,

And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

A I R:

Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
 O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red,
 'Twas dark—save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
 When the brave Abercrombie receiv'd his death-wound;
 His comrades, with grief, unaffected deplore,
 Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

II.

With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defied,
 On the steed which the Hero of Acre supplied,
 'Till, feeling he soon to Fate's summons must yield,
 He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield;
 His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
 Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

III.

The standard of Albion with victory crown'd,
 Waved over his head as he sank on the ground,
 "Take me hence, my brave fellows" the vet'ran did cry,
 "My duty's complete, and contented I die."

[Exit.

Enter ROSANNA.

"Mrs. Not. Ah, Miss Rosanna, yonder comes the gentleman, who, they say, is to get the estate—I am going to ask him for my place. I wish you would speak a good word for me.

Ros. That I will.—He is the drollest companion at table I ever saw—he used every body's napkin but his own, put sweet sauce to his fish, and wine to his vegetables; but let us step aside, and see what sort of humour he is in.

[They go up the stage.

Enter WINDMILL and TEDDY.

Wind. No news arrived yet, Teddy?

Ted. Devil a word, your honour.—It's a great pity

you could'n't manage to snap up some rich widow to help you out now—I know of two or three if their husbands were dead, wou'd be the best matches living.

Wind. Go—bring me word if any messenger comes. (*Exit TEDDY.*) A rich widow, as he says, might do—and yet there was a girl—but I must'n't think of her, it's bad enough for *one* to be poor but *double* poverty is the devil—To see the woman one loves a beggar!

ROSANNA comes forward.

Ros. Sir—sir—I'll play this forgetful gentleman a trick. (*aside*) Sir! sir!

Wind. I gave away the last just now—Oh! is it you? I beg pardon—but it's so long since I saw you——

Ros. Long! why we dined together.

Wind. Most likely, for I remember dining somewhere.—Did'n't you and I hob-nob?

Ros. Yes—you filled your glass out of a vinegar cruet, and I drank your health while you were absent.

Wind. Did you?—What o'clock is it now, then?

[*Takes out a lozenge box.*]

Ros. Never mind the the clock,—did not you ask me at dinner about a rich widow?

Wind. I was ordered to take one every four hours.

Ros. Psha! we are talking of a rich match,

“*Wind.* You don't mean that lady—?”

“*Ros.* Yes, I do, she is as rich as Cræsus, and will tell you herself she has no objection to you.

Wind. Psha! damn it, no, that won't do.

Ros. O yes it will—I've promis'd to introduce her, and have broken the ice for you already.—I've

told him your business (*apart to Mrs. NOTABLE.*)—
“ she keeps the best house in the village—don’t be
afraid of one another.

“ *Mrs. Not.* Don’t go, Miss, pray stay—I believe
I’ve the honour of reproaching Mr. Windmill.

“ *Wind.* Reproaching!

“ *Ros.* (*To him.*) That’s for being so long silent.

“ *Wind.* Well then, since it’s the only way to get
the estate, I’ll chuse the most certain mode of at-
tack, and be as impudent as the devil, for fear of
accidents—I don’t remember much of romance—
but here goes, Flower of the circle you adorn!

“ *Mrs. Not.* *Flour* of the *circus*! he forgets Hen-
rica!—Sir, I only want to ask with all due respect,
and in two words, whether you thinks as I shou’d
suit you.”

Wind. Suit me!

Ros. There’s a question!

Mrs. Not. This lady has told you my wishes, and
if you are agreeable, I shall be very happy.

Wind. Why, look’ye, Ma’am, I’m afraid that in
my present circumstances——

Mrs. Not. I’ll take all possible care of the house-
keeping.

Ros. That she will, I’ll answer for it.

Wind. Economy is no bad thing, but——

Mrs. Not. I knows my place, and always likes to
keep in it.

Ros. That she does, you may depend on’t.

Wind. So much the better.

Mrs. Not. I’ve had seven masters, and satisfied
’em all.

Ros. To my certain knowledge.

Wind. Seven times married! the devil! [*Apert.*

Mrs. Not. There were three ’squires, two lawyers,
one parson, and a ’potecary.

Wind. What a devil of a memory she has—Then hark'ye, as I dare not undertake to succeed your seven *wise* masters, I'd advise you to look for the eighth elsewhere.

Mrs. Not. Sir!

Ros. (*To Mrs. NOTABLE.*) Then I'd give him a hint of what you told me about Henrica.

“*Mrs. Not.* I will—Sir you're a false man, and unless you alter your mind, the whole village shall know it.

“*Wind.* With all my heart, madam—and when you (*to ROSANNA*) want to cut another joke, don't let it be at my expence.

“*Ros.* And when you want to marry, don't let it be at the lady's.

Mrs. Not. Take care of him, Miss, he is a flattering person.—He said I adorned the circus, and when I came honestly to get my *bread*, he called me *flour*, he's a changeling, madam; to be call'd flour, indeed! But what can one expect from a Wind-mill?”

[*Exit.*

Ros. What, indeed! But you don't get off so, sir.

Wind. No—do you want to introduce another lady to me?

Ros. Perhaps I do.”—What do you think of me?

Wind. You wo'nt do—I'll have a wife of my own chusing.

Ros. And forget her as you did poor Henrica.

Wind. Henrica!—do you know her?

Ros. Better than you do—or you'd not so readily have given her up.

Wind. Only tell me where she is.

Ros. She is here, but you shan't profit by a frolic of mine, till I gain permission for it.

Wind. In the mean time she may leave the place.

Ros. Why did you leave *her*?—she won't see you

without some preparation; but promise to be less whimsical in future, and I'll undertake your cause.

Wind. Will you!—then I'll leave off scheming, brush up my memory, “stick to my godfather, and look to the main chance. I'll go make a fortune by sheer industry, and marry the dear girl, after presenting her with pockets full of money, and a heart full of love.—I'll set about it directly.”

Ros. Stop—if we persuade her to it, hadn't you better marry her before you go?

Wind. Go!—where?—Oh! (*recollecting*) Why yes, I think I had, for fear of accidents.

Duet — WINDMILL and ROSANNA.

Wind. Then I'll be married.

Ros. And so will I.

Who never was married before!

Wind. Too long I've tarried,

Ros. And so have I.

Both. Come then let us tarry no more.

Wind. When you wed, I'll be there,

While the bells are ringing,

Ros. I'll be bridemaide for you,

Wind. I'll give you away,

We'll dance away care

While the company's singing,

Both. Joy to the couple on your wedding day!

II.

Wind. I'll wear no willow,

Ros. No more will I,

But sorrow I'll leave in the lurch.

Wind. I'll quit my pillow,

Ros. And so will I;

Both. And trip with my true-love to church.

Ref. Then at dinner such cheer,
While the glasses are ringing,

Wind. I'll toast the bride's health,

Ref. If you like it you may ;

Wind. Then at night disappear

Ref. While the company's singing

Both Joy to the couple on your wedding day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Landscape.

Enter ARABLE, and CLUMP, *tipsy.*

Ar. Who has been making you in that pickle, firrah ?

Clump. I've no but had a sup o'yeal.

Ar. And what brings you here ?

Clump. Missus thinks o' having t'horfes put to ; for yon sea captain has taken one whole year's pay fra t'sailors, and by their looking so melancholy, I fancy he's ax'd 'em for another.

Enter Mrs. ARABLE.

Mrs. A. Come husband, you have given in your statement, but it will be of no avail now—cousin Wat Windmill is to be the man after all.

Ar. You jest, surely.

Mrs. A. And the captain has given his crew a large silver punch bowl, and two ladles for the loan of all their ready money to shew against us.

Clump. I'm sure that's true, however

Ar. I shall not trust reports, but wait the decision about to take place, and if unsuccessful, return with pleasure to the business of my farm.

Mrs. A. And so shall I, George!—I am not at all disappointed—it's a nasty ugly place, and I don't think it would do for us at all. (*half crying.*)

Clump. Aye, aye—that's because t' grapes are sour, I reckon. But I expected, fir, you were pretty sure o' this consarn, and meant to make a gentleman's groom o' me.

Ar. Silence—go sober yourself, and then look for another master.

Clump. Nay, fir, I dont wish you to keep a dozen horses just to please me—I'd as leave look a'ter a couple as if there were twenty, and as for wages being raised—

Ar. Begone, fir, or instead of wages, I shall be tempted to raise my whip.

Clump. That's as fair as you can say, fir, and I am very much obliged to you: and as missus there seems uneasy at thoughts o' my leaving, I'll stay to oblige her wi' ail my heart.

"*Mrs. A.* To oblige me! that's very likely.

Clump. Yes—I'm very likely—and I thank you kindly, madam. I humbly excuse what is past, fir—I'm a bit fresh, you see, I hav'nt done myself any good by it, and I am very sorry for it." [*Exit.*

Ar. Come Arabella, you cannot regret what you never had—here is a fine house and grounds to be sure—but it will give *me* no uneasiness to go without them.

Mrs. A. Nor me, neither—so I'll order our chaise in case of the worst; for to say the truth, George, there is not a room in the great house I could be at home in, it is all so formal, I do not think I could scold the servants in the kitchen with any degree of comfort and satisfaction; and as to the fine parlour and saloon, I should always be afraid to open my lips in them. [*Exit.*

Ar. Then you would never feel at home, I am certain—Never mind Bell, whether thou art destined to be lady of the manor, or remain the wife

of farmer Arable, he will never esteem thee, more or less, for thy honest good nature and sincerity.

Song — ARABLE.

Spring, clad in gayest greenest hue,
 Had 'rang'd her painted charms in order,
 The blushing rose, and Foxglove blue,
 Deck'd hedge and path with varied border.
 'Twas then of love I blythely sang,
 What swain could ever love so well ;
 While thro' the glade my ditty rang,
 Sweetest of sweets, my lovely Bell.

II.

Oh, then, I woo'd the village maid,
 Who smiling, heard my honest lay ;
 And o'er the hills, to woodland shade.
 Fearless, with me wou'd often stray.
 Won by the verse herself inspir'd,
 She join'd love's artless tale to tell,
 And gave me leave, with transport fir'd,
 At church to ring my lovely Bell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE THE LAST.

The Room at the Inn where the Sailors were.

GANGWAY discovered smoking, tipsy. A lighted
 Candle and a half anker by him.

Gang. We've been drinking the captain's health, and to save time we stove in the head of the barrel here—I've made my messmates all happy, and now I'll finish my grog, light my pipe, and be happy myself, a bit.

Enter CLUMP (still tipsy).

Clump. No—you munna be happy here, if you please.

Gang. Why not?—

Clump. Why all t' ladies and gentlemen are coming here, to find out who's t' richest.

[is going to put out the candle—GANGWAY stops him.]

Gang. Avaft!—don't douse the glim, brother!—I'd a month's trouble to get it lighted—the fires are all out, and we shall want it again when my ship-mates bring the grog. *[Lights his paper.]*

Clump. I tell you t' folk are coming in, and they'll put it out.

Gang. No, they won't—I'll show you how we used to cheat the mounseers when I was in a French prison, they allowed us no light, so when the guard came, we used to cover our candle thus —

[puts the half anker over the candle and pulls out the bung.] There, with that hole for the air, it will be safe enough till we come back again.

Clump. Nay, but I tell thee—

Gang. Come along, I say—steady! how the lubber yaws! you want ballast as well as myself.

Clump. Ballast! blefs my heart, how drunk he is! do, come along wi' thee.

Drunken Medley Duet.—GANGWAY and CLUMP.

Clump. Billy Tailyer, a brisk young sailyer,
Full of mirth and full of glee.

Gang. Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift, ye landsmen, all, to me.

Clump. For the ghost, it cried, right solemnly,
Tol de riddle lol, tol de riddle lol, tol de re.

O, Molly, you must go with I,
Tol lol lol, de riddle lol de re. *[Whimpering.]*

Gang. What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a d ——— d fool you must be!

Clump. If Mounseer comes, we'll do the job

Gang. In less than half-an-hour.

Clump. O that the bullets may scuttle his nob,
For I've got his will and his pow'r.

Gang. And when the fight's begun,
We'll make the Mounseers run,

Clump. Singing, O dear, what can the matter be,

Gang. While we sing, *sal de ral tit.*

Both. Hearts of oak are our ships, &c.

[*Exit, singing together.*]

Enter PLAINLY, DUBIOUS, FORESAIL, ARABLE,
Mrs. ARABLE, and ROSANNA.

Plain. This statement of Mr. Arable's property is considerable.

Ar. I hope it will be found, that I have been careful, without meanness, and if my door has been open to the calls of hospitality, it has ever been shut to ostentation and extravagance.

Plain. Captain, I am sorry your statement is deficient.

Ros. No, sir; the captain is richer than he has mention'd.

Fore. True; your person cou'd not be put in the schedule.

Ros. But my fortune may.

Fore. Fortune!

Dub. Yes; Rosanna has twenty thousand pounds, which I did hope she'd have given to my godson.

Fore. Rosanna! is it possible I have mistaken you for the distressed Henrica?

Ros. I told you, you didn't love *her*, but you would forgive this trial of your affection, if you knew how happy the success of it has made me—(*Rosanna and Foresail walk up the Stage together.*)

Enter WINDMILL, with Letters.

Wind. Well; gentlemen, my expresses are all arrived—and my favourite horse——

Dub. (*reading over his shoulder*) Has lost the race.

Wind. My two plays——

Dub. Have both fail'd——

Wind. And my six tickets——

Dub. Are all blanks—I said you had too many irons in the fire.

Wind. So I had, sir—and here's another—(*showing Dubious's ticket.*)

Enter TEDDY, with a letter.

Ted. (*to Windmill*) The lottery gentleman has brought this; but he says it's not for you—but I know that's a mistake, because it's directed to somebody else; the subscription is for Mr. Dubious—(*Dubious snatches it.*) [*Exit TEDDY.*]

Dub. Let's see—let's see—(*Windmill looks over him.*)—"The ticket—bought—and registered by you—at our office—is drawn—10,000 plagues of Egypt!

Wind. No, sir—ten thousand pounds—ten thousand—tol de rol—I say, godpa, never give away a ticket again for fear of accidents.

Dub. I don't believe it, it can't be—it isn't drawn—it's no prize, and I never gave it you—It's registered to me, and no one else can claim it.

Wind. Why, as you say, “there's no certainty in any thing”—so here's your hand-writing, which any body may inspect.—There's my claim (*lays the ticket on the tub*)—Now have I too many irons in the fire—now will any of them burn? (*the ticket blazes, all are astonished.*)

Wind. (*lifts up the tub, and sees the cause*) Fiend of ill-luck, that always follows me, come and finish thy work!

“GANGWAY meets him.

“*Gang.* I come for my candle—it's lucky it didn't go out, isn't it, sir? [*Exit with the candle.*]

“*Wind.* Get out, rascal.—

“TEDDY meeting him.

“*Ted.* The Lottery clerk wants to know what you'll give him—he can't stop.

“*Wind.* Kick him down stairs. [*Exit TEDDY.*”

Dub. I lay, Watty, my boy, my dear boy, never put a ticket over a candle, for fear of accidents.

Wind. Ba! You may claim your prize, and keep it; I have made sure of one you can't take from me, and here she comes; but what's the matter, I wonder?

Enter HENRICA, agitated, with a paper.

Hen. Those who knew, and will acknowledge my father's writing, will cease to wonder at my agitation

—Oh, fir. read there the vindication of my mother,
(*to Plainly.*)

Plain. 'Tis certainly his hand ; but whence came this ?

Hen. I received it from Ralph, the worthy farmer, who protected me, and it proves that a wretched woman, to cause my father's jealousy, concealed herself, in man's apparel, within my mother's chamber.

Plain. This paper proves, too, that your father, before his death, discovered the whole scene of treachery, cancelled the former will, and by his last testament gives all his Indian possessions to his injured daughter.

Wind. Then, who's to be lord of the manor now?

Dub. And why was this paper so long concealed ?

Plain. As a stimulus to industry, the former will was to be supposed in force, until your several claims were produced—The estate is now, by his last will, to be equally divided, which should satisfy him, who, is already rich, and must be most welcome to him who is not so.

Enter CLUMP.

Clump. I ha' put'n to t'horses, and hope we be all sober and forgiven.

Enter GANGWAY and Sailors.

Gang. I have brought the boat's crew to cheer the Captain.

Enter TEDDY and Villagers.

Ted. And I have brought myself.—The villagers are all here, and the rest will come directly.

Enter Mrs. NOTABLE.

Mrs. Not. And I am come to ask whether I may keep my place.

FINALE.

Wind. I'm so happy,

Hen. As happy am I.

Wind. I've money, good health, I've a spouse-and
If you but accept it, we never shall cry,
Though we offer you Thirty Thousand,

CHORUS.

I'm so happy, as happy am I,
We're happy all over the house, and
If you but accept it, we'll none of us cry,
Though we offer you Thirty Thousand.

II.

Arable. In my rural retreat,
The old sports I'll repeat,
Which I've often with dog and with gun done,

Mrs. A. And sometimes you must go,
Nay, you mus'n't say no,

To see the dear people of London,

*Chorus—*For I'm so happy, &c.

III.

Fore. I'll to sea 'till war is o'er,
 And peace shall bless our native Isle ;
Ref. Then I'll await you on the shore,
 And greet your coming with a smile.
Chorus—Then be so happy, &c.

IV.

Dub. 'Twixt the cup and the lip,
 Come many a slip,
 And the best luck which may fail in a minute ;
Clump. Why as to the cup,
 Only all keep it up,
 And I'll wage half a-guinea we win it.
Chorus—And all be happy, &c.

V.

Teddy. Since matters are right,
 On this comical night,
 Let's be merry the rest of the day, boys ;
Gang. Stop, messmates, avaft !
 I told you at last,
 We should end with a jolly huzza ! boys.
Chorus—For I'm so happy, &c.

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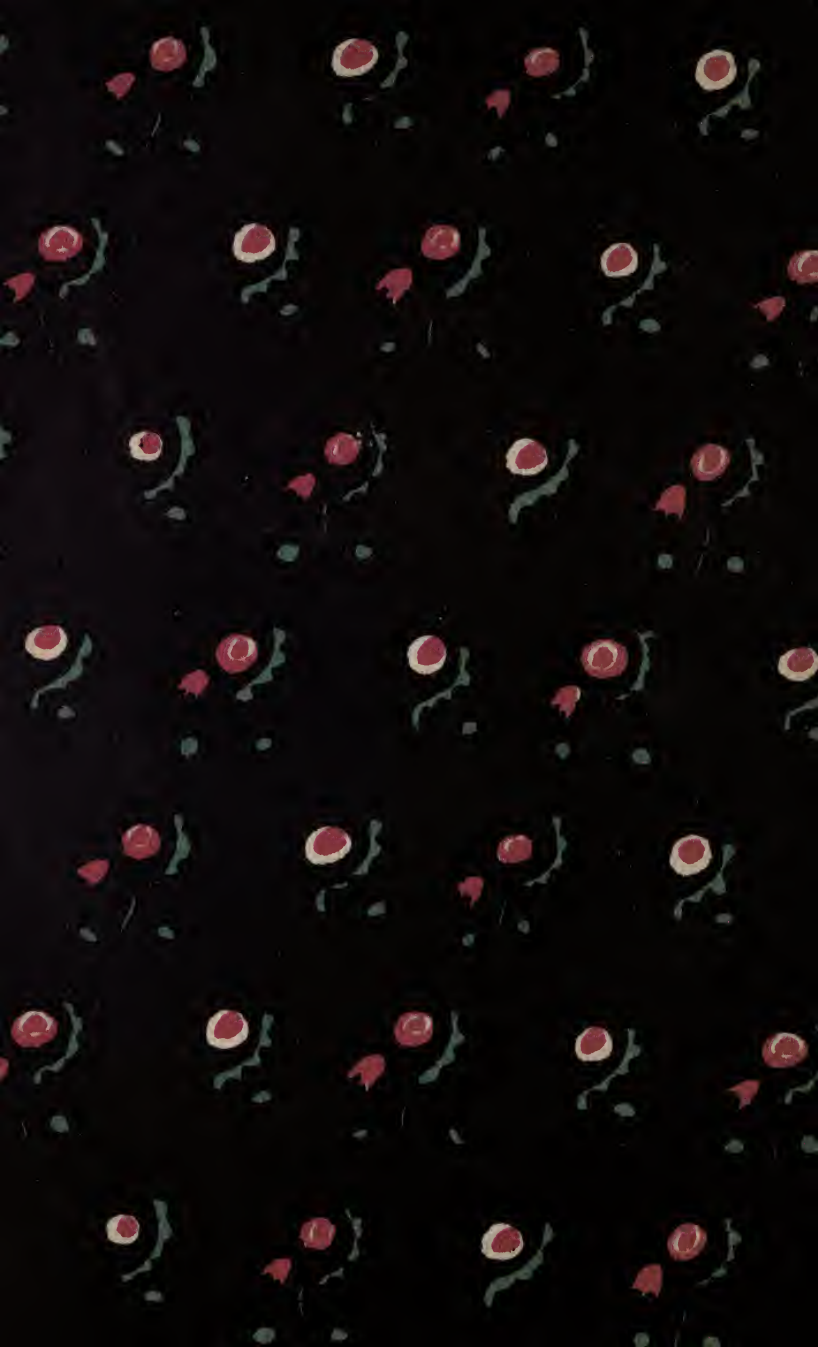
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